the dinner, pushing us gently forward in the di

rection of the roasts and the salads and the des-

erts, so your "Homestead" has given us a new

desire for the drama, and really spurred us on to appreciate even—yes, even melodrama.

I remember that I raw a tank play just after

the visit to "The Old Homestead." And I pos-

time, I should have scornfully loathed. I en-

oyed this melodrams just as a country boy com-

ing from the dreamy inertia of his own native

Mystery of Fernleigh Abbey," or "The Boy Tramp and His Maniac Mother," I felt as

though I were indeed coming from a country home where I had spent a delightful,

life-giving time—and that country home was Uncle Joshua Whiteomb's.

Managers ought to combine to thank you, dear

heatre, I am convinced that you have also

helped to fill theirs. Contrast is really the spice of life. Much that by itself would be intolerable

is exquisite by comparison. A perpetual smile becomes a hideous grimace. You artistically realized the force of contrast when you sand-

wiched a city scene between the layers of "The

Old Homestead's " pastorainess. The first set.

deliriously quaint, made me long for more. But

lo! and behold, the second act was in the ordi-

nary every-day luxurious city. Just as this was

beginning to grow wearisome back you took u

to the country, and there you ended, sending us

home with a bucolic flavor in our mouth or to

some dairy where we could fondly imagine that

Certainly those who have declared you were no actor, and made the statement in a deroga-

tory manner, can never accuse you of having

posed for one, dear Mr. Thompson. Never once

held your form mingled with the frequenters of the Rialto: never once have I heard you declare

little eccentricities or tried to force yourself ille-

gitimately. Your conduct, dear Uncle Joshua,

has been dignified and unusual. You have never

even given us a souvenir to throw into our waste-

paper-basket, or made a speech to thank us for

having accepted from you our money's worth.

You have not even informed us that you were

Uncle Joshua Whitcomb for positively the two

hundredth time, or announced that the tenth

month of this unrivalled impersonation had inst

begun. Even our tickets, Uncle Joshua, von

did not seem to care much about. You know

very well that we love to believe that we are

obliged to buy them six mouths in advance,

And those eager "crowds surrounding the

Alsa! Uncle Denman surely you need a

nanager, a nice, good consistent liar, You

have kept us in ignorance of so much of the

isual and expected. It must seem strange to

many that this has not hurt you, but it hasn't,

And now, dear Uncle, your admiring nephew

vishes you a plenteous holiday, Educated

horses succeed you at the Academy, but they

cannot take your place, any more than the trained monkeys that followed Irving at the

Star could take his, "The Old Homestead" can

plant itself securely once more in our busy me-

ropolitan Fourteenth thoroughfare while

Uncle Joshua, Aunt Matilda, Cy Prime, Seth

Perkins and Rickety Ann can all come and break

bread with us again. You, in your pleasant

houghts, by force of contrast, may make your

rusticating among your Bound did I not? Well, I meant au revoir.

ALAN DALE.

The Modern Way.

Editor - About \$25.
Post—Well, here's a check for the amount and I hope you will publish them soon.

War Veterans, Read the SUNDAY

FROM MONTANA.

GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of Dn. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills and find them to

be a wonderful pili-all that you claim for them. They act like a charm in case of biliousness, sick headache,

Cure sick headache, billousness, liver complaint,

dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dn. C. McLawe's Chlebratho Liver Pills, prepared

nly by Fleming Bros. , Pittsburg, Ps. Price 25 cents

only my, rieming Bros., Pittsourg, Pa. Price to cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine Dn. C. McLank's Liven Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa. the market being full of imitations of the name McLank, spelled differently, but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words "Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.," on the

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888.

MRS. HENRY WINELEMAN.

[From Nine,]
Poet—Have you read my verses?

ery much. Poet—How much are they worth?

FLEMING BROS.

country home all the pleasanter.

luring your long sojourn among us have I be-

the milk tasted cow-y and that the butter was

Though you have packed your own

hills would joyfully sit through-eay

mele.

no relation to oleo.

itively revelled in the tank, which, at another

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGATION OF MERRIMENT.

> Scenes In Circus Life. [From Puck.)



Spokesman-Look here, young feller, we're three mighty bad men, an' we aline goes into a circus free; so hand out the ticks, an' don't keep us waitin' or also we'll



Circus Official (to trained boxing grizzly)-'ll do, Jeff, get back in your cage

[From Time. 1 Mrs. Simeral-Here's an item about the man who first suggested Mr. Harrison for the Presidency. He certainly ought to have an office.

Mr. Simeral—It's impossible, my love.
There are not enough offices.

A Ridiculous Mistake. [From the Minnespoits Pribuse.] Chicago Woman-I want a marriage license. My fiance is too busy to come himself. Clerk of Courts (glancing at calendar)-Le

me see, this is the tenth, isn't it?
Chicago Woman—Why, how perfectly absurd of you! This is only my sixth. A Lesson in Love. [From the Epoch.]
George (nervously)—Do you love me? Will

you marry me?
Almira—Not so fast, George. One at a time, please. When They Dine. [From the Omaka World.] Mealtime Caller-When do you dine?

have to wait till callers go. I'm getting awful hungry. The Face a Mirror. [From the Eurlington Pres Press...]
Tubbs—I flatter myself that honesty

printed on my face.

Grubbs—Well — er — yes, perhaps — with some allowance for typographical errors. Good Excuse. [From the Burlington Free Press.]
Paterfamilias—Clara, I see that the front

gate is down this morning. Clara (sbyly)—Yes, papa, you know love levels all things. A Great Inducement.

(From Harper's Basar.)
Cora—What induced you to tell Mr. Meritt went to the party last night with George. Little Johnnie—A quarter. Not Too Sudden

[From Fexus Signings.]
Fond Lover (after a long-delayed proposi Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling. Darling Girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—Yes, George, it is very very sudden, but (and here she became faint again) it is not too sudden.

Lived on a One-Track Road.



Si Low (of Wheat Corners)-They seem to run this elevated road in a mighty one-sided

Aunt Amanda—How so?
Si Low—Why, we've passed five trains going up on the other track, and not a single one coming down on this.

John Montgomery Ward Writes of the Rights of Ball Players - SUNDAY'S WORLD.

YANKEE

Cupid vs. Culture:

Moral, Complete in Six Chapters.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY, "THE EVENING WORLD" POET.

THE A. A. U. WAS EXPECTED. Lyman and Murray to Meet Again in the

Fall Jack Hopper Confident of Being Able to Defeat Billy Dacey-The Manhattan's Spring Meeting To-Morrow-Will Day Was Overtrained. The announced intention of the Berkeley

Athletic Club to resign from the A. A. U., while it causes regret among the other men bers of the A. A. U., did not create as much surprise as it would have six weeks ago. The refusal of the Executive Committee of the A. A. U. to entertain the idea of the invitation races proposed by the Berkeley naturally chagrined the Club. The Berkeley meant these races as an entering wedge to an amicable settlement of the differences between the A. A. U. and N. four A's. The Club was rather surprised when its well-meant proposals were rejected so promptly. As the majority of the members of the Club, joined to aid the cause of athletics, and not to continue a petty strife unworthy the high standing of such a powerful organization as the A. A. U., the best course to be adopted was to resign its membership—so thought most of the members. The Club will hereafter, or until some settlement occurs beafter, or until some settlement occurs be-tween the N. four A. a. U., continue as an independent organization. It is quite probable it will attempt no more overtures

Jack Lyman announces that he will not en-tertain any challenges until after he has fought Billy Murray again for the 110-pound championship. As Murray is ready to meet hin, it is probable the men will come together again in the Fall.

The first championship tournament to be held by the National Lawn-Tennis Association will occur at Flushing, L. I. June 6, 7 and 8. It will consist of the ladies and gentlemen's singles and gentlemen's doubles.

Jack Hopper feels confident that he has im-

Jack Hopper feels confident that he has improved sufficiently in science since his last meeting with Billy Dacey to be able now to down him. Billy, however, is quite as confident that he is still superior to Hopper in ability. Both men are standing out for all the advantages they can possibly get. Hopper thinks he fights best at 128 pounds. Dacey considers his best fighting weight 133 pounds. And here is the hitch. But the newly organized Cribb Club of Trov will offer a generous purse for the two men to fight for, which may bring the match to a head.

What has become of that proposed match between Mike Cushing and Austin Gibbons? These two are crackers at their weights, and a set-to between them would be highly inter-Precocious Little Daughter-We always

J. S. Mitchell, that colossus at heavy weight throwing, threw the hammer 123 feet 8½ inches at the games at Bergen Point yes-terday. But, by some accident, the hammer actually weighed seventeen pounds, a pound above the prescribed weight.

Willie Day, the great cross-country runner, gave up after making three laps from the scratch in the 1½ mile event at Bergen Point, The great stayer was overtrained. This is such a common error of athletes, They beat themselves by working too hard to get in what they consider good trim. Had Day not been too fine he would have had a sure thing of the one and one-half mile.

The Manhattan Athletic Club holds its an nual Spring meeting to-morrow afternoon.

The Hornbacker Athletic Club, since it removed to its new quarters in East Third street, has flourished finely. In the Fall the Club intends to add a complete gymnasium to its analysment.

The breaking of the four-mile record at New London is said to be the aim of the Yale University eight in its race with Harvard. With this end in view the crew has already overtrained, which has affected its chances of doing so somewhat. And now, with the Harvard crew in fine trim, the Yale boys will have to go a little carefully or the walkover which it is thought they would have with the erimsons may not pan out. erimsons may not pan out.

Let the Little Folks Read the SUNDA WORLD'S Children's Page.

Anniversary of Stephen A. Dengias Lodge. The Stephen A. Douglas Lodge, No. 357, L.O.O.F., celebrated their sixteenth anniverb-rooms, 189 Bowery, Wed day evening. A fine programme was arranged, which consisted of vocal and recitative numbers by W. Pike, M. Richter, B. Block, Andy Merlin, Augusta Bitterman, E. Mulholiand and S. Mitchel. H. Stiefel, S. Gompers and Julius Harburger were the orators of the evening. Richter's Orchestra furnished the music.

Puzzles and Prizes in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Aged Rapidly.

[Prom the Fonkes Blade.]
Young Husband-What? You are twenty five years old to-day? Why, you told me s year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty. Young Wife (wearily)—I have aged rapidly ince I married.

A Windfall for Veterans Who Fought on the Gunboat Unding-SUNDAY'S WORLD.

LUCILLE

THE BERKELEY CLUB'S RESIGNATION FROM ALAN DALE WRITES "THE OLD HOME-STEAD" A PAREWELL LETTER.

> Some Things for Uncle Denman to Diges While He Is in His New Hampahire Home-Not an Actor, but Just Denman Thompson-A Pastoral Which Does No Affect Dramatic Romance.

My Dear Mr. Dennian Thompson

There is poetry in the atmosphere this morn ing: the sun brightly favors optimism; a balmy breeze blows far away depressing influences; every beauty is effectively halord, while evils look less black, and melaucholy slinks into the background. The fortunate ones are thinking of blearant beaches, of leafy groves, of tinkling waters, and all the rest of the pastoral. It and you. Mr. Thompson, are smong those fortunate nes. Soon you will say good-by to your million nephews, will sling your little knapsack on your shoulder, and hie you away to New Hampshire.

I am not fishing for an invitation, Uncle Joshua; you must not think that. But I can't let you go without a line or two, congratulating you upon the result of your most remarkable theatrical season, and wishing you a hearty "to return," which you can digest at leisure after Saturday night. The poetry to which I have just alluded has intoxicated me somewhat. I fain would call upon you, and sing to you, "Oh, why do you go when the flowers are springing," but, on second consideration, I would not like you to begin your vacation disabled and unhappy; and furthermore, the song in question is an Irish mother's lament, and as an Irish mother I should be a dead failure.

The success of "The Old Homestead" has of course inspired the imitative crowd of playwrights and Uncle Joshuas of more or less interest and of varied beauty have sprung up in mushroom-like rapidity. Occasionally we hear of an imitation meeting with more success than an original, but in the present instant it is delightful to recall the fact that every Uncle Joshua copy has made its model stand out more conspicuously excellent, more unmistakably unique than before. And this circumstance is peculiar. "The Old Homestead "has defects of course; it is looking in dramatic action. Yet nobody has been able to rectify its wanting-ness and at the same tim give us the episodic charm of Uncle Joshua Whitcomb's pastoral, and this shows very clearly that the charm of "The Old Homestead" is of more worth than dramatic action, in this case at any rate. You have somewhat disarmed criticism. Mr.

Thompson, and that is a point for which I must heartily thank you. Those who have visited 'The Old Homestead" to criticise the work of "star actor," have found indeed that their occupation was gone. You are not an actor, dear, avuncular sir. You are simply Denman Thompson. You appear upon the stage and enjoy yourself there. Two thousand eyes may be looking upon you, but that doesn't make you

in the least dramatic I think that this is one of the most interesting facts in connection with your extremely interesting self. Suppose Irving went upon the stagand played Irving. We should be repelled, I am quite convinced, and this is said in all du deference to an artist. Imagine Booth standing up and being Booth. I wouldn't want to be in the house at the time, I am perfectly sure Hardly an actor or an actress upon the stage that could be behind the footlights simself or herself. Of course it is not neces sary that there should be such folk, as the obect of the profession is impersonation or interpretation. Yet Denman Thompson is Denman Thompson, and by simply being himself. dear sir, he has made a fortune.

It really makes one's mouth water to think of. It must be lovely to know that you have such a nice, profitable self lurking about your waistcoat. The lives of most of us are hardly interesting to ourselves, let alone pleasing to others. Not a dollar could be made from the portrayed existence of ninety-nine out of a hundred of iaded city folk-and, of course, I speak as one of the jaded folk. Think of our queer little breakfasts, our hectic, prosaic money-grub-bing, our feverish afternoons and tiresome evenings being "enacted" upon the stage. How wofully unconvincing, even with a dash of

the dramatic as, sauce! Your success. Mr. Thompson, is, of course very easy to explain. Thank goodness that it is. It would not do for us to know no reason why our lives could not be made as profitable as it for your enal good fortune, I should at once seek Mesers. Gilmore and Tompkins and remark: "Gentle men. Denman Thompson is no actor, and yet he has appeared nightly upon the stage of the Academy of Music and filled his pockets and purse. Let me hire your theatre from you and see if I can't do the same. I am also no actor."

"The Old Homestead" has appealed because t came at a time when public taste was tired of tawdry plays with improbable plots and impos sible people and far-fetched motives. A plot is an awful undertaking. It must of necessity deal with out-of-the ordinary events, because, as I before said, our lives are hardly interesting. So exceptional cases are eagerly looked for and dramatized, and people when they go to th theatre expect romance, which they generally get, strongly tinted with impossibility, Your pastoral, Mr. Thompson, does not in the

least affect dramatic romance. People still love

Which he took in such a hurry when he ran

Soon His Lordship took his leave, over which I

Then we went into the kitchen and there told

Of my danger in the field, nor His Lordship's

Ending all with the denouement of His Lord-

PRETEXTS FOR LAUGHTER. NOT MUCH OF A SURPRISE. AU REVOIR, MR. THOMPSON. the play as much as ever. The drama is of course literature, and literature makes, as it has

made, and will make the world endurable. But "The Old Homestead" has come in as so much ACTORS AND MANAGERS MAKING PLANS refreshment. After seeing it, we can go back to our plays with renewed zeal. As the sorbet is to FOR NEXT BEASON.

> faunger Sisson Arranging for the Salvini Tour Miss Alice King Hamilton Engaged for "Lord Chumley "-A Parisian "Little Lord Fauntieroy "-Sarah Bernhardt's Failure as Lenn Despard-Rose Coghfan Will Go to San Francisco, Wesley Sisson has just completed arrange.

ments for the tour of Salvini next season, which will begin at Palmer's Theatre Oct. 7, two days after Col. McCauli's Comic Opera Company has withdrawn. Salvini will play for four weeks at Palmer's and then go to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pitts. burg, Chicago and as far West as Denver. He will probably go no further West unless he decides to visit Australia. Salvini has never been to Australia, and is convinced that there is a "pot money" for him in that country. money for him in that country. His repertoire here will consist of "Othello." The Gladiator " and "Sampson," most of the time being devoted to "Othello." He will play only four times a week, and on the off nights Mr. Palmer's company will personally be seen in "Jim the Penman," or some other repertoire play. Young Salvini will probably appear with his lather and also on off-nights, and these "off-nights" with Salvini are a great consideration. Hitherto they have taken the "cilt off the gingerbrand" vini are a great consideration. Hitherto they have taken the "gilt off the gingerbread," but this time it is proposed that they shall be made profitable. Salvini declines to play every night in the week on the ground that he never did so when he was in his prime, and does not insend to begin now that he is nearly sixty years of age. He will, of course, play in Italian, with an English-speaking company. Salvini comes to America under the management of A. M. Palmer, his tour being directed by Wesley Sisson. A. M. Falmer, who sails for Europe on the City of Paris, June 12, with his family, will probably meet Salvini in Italy.

that you were "simply great" or had made "the hit of your life." Never have you aped Miss Alice King Hamilton, be suther of 'One of the Duanes' and 'Lock avar,' has been engaged for the 'Lord Chumley' tour, to play the part assigned at the Lyceum Theatre to Miss Dora Loshe. Miss Hamilton spent last season as leading lady in a small Western company. She will probably give us another novelone of those days embodying her own interesting stage experiences. Miss Hamilton is charming to look upon and not a bit blue-stockingtsh.

Miss Adele Palmer is to play the part of the French maid in "The Great Metropolis," f which preparations are already being made.

Manager Duquesnel, of the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, wants to do "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Think of the story of "dearest" and her boy "going" among the Parisians. Duquesnel, however, has written to this city for the manuscript in French, and declares that there is a child in Paris at the present time who could just play the part. The play has, therefore, been translated and sent to Paris as "Le Petit Lord Fauntleroy." It has also gone to Manager Enisch, of Berlin, as "Der Kleine Graf Fauntleroy." The date for the Australian production of Mrs. Burnett's play has not as yet been fixed, but negotiations are at present being made with two well-known Australian theatrical firms. So "Little Lord Fauntleroy's "day has by no means gone by. day has by no means gone by.

"As In a Looking Glass," with Sarah Bernbardt as Lena Despard, has been some-thing of a failure in Paris. How much of a failure can be best judged by the announce-ment that it was withdrawn and succeeded by swanzey home, can think of us being slowly broiled on red-hot pavements, and fapidly reduced in the big city frying pan, and such Camille. Tra-la, Uncle Denman. Think sometimes of

Young Mr. Thurnaer, the business man-ager and major domo of Prof. Herrmann, is to have a benefit at the Fifth Avenue Theatre your city nieces and nephews while you are rusticating among your geese. I said Tra-la. June 8.

A number of Western actors who have been accustomed to making Chicago their head-quarters during the Summer have come to New York to mingle with the exclusive Haltoties. Several of them have already declared that a Western actor has no show in the East and that managers will not look at him. A Page of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD. Editor-Yes, Mr. Lilacs, and I like them

"Grisette: a Tale of Paris and New York,"
by Lew Rosen, the dramatic writer, has just
been published by John Delay. Mr. Rosen
has lightly sketched the character of a
woman 'volatile by nature," who in spite
of 'shingled hair" and a "complexion like
a tea-rose." falls desperately in love with a
Bowery variety man who sings to her "Come
Where the Sea is Moaning Sad and Lonely," WORLD'S Story of Unclaimed Money for Where the Sea is Moaning Sad and Lonely," and overcomes her by the beauty of this music. Mr. Rosen has also aketched Grisette's antecedents and her peculiarities are nearly all indorsed by celebrated cynics like De la Rochefoucauld. There are one or two familiar New York people mentioned in the book and very thinly disguised. Exactly how they will enjoy the honor conferred upon them remains to be seen. Mr. Rosen is a graceful; feuilletonic writer.

Miss Rose Coghlan is to summer in San

. . . The exercises commemorative of the eighth anniversary of the Actors' Fund of America take place next Tuesday at Palmer's Theatre. A. M. Palmer, Chauncey M. Depew. William Winter and Daniel Dougherty will speak. Eugene Oudin will sing and so will the Schuman male quartet. mann male quartet.

A Page of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD.

FAITH CURE ESTRANGED HIM.

Peater Cookman Leaves His Methodist

A surprise has come upon the members of the lately prosperous Methodist Episcopal Church in Twenty-fourth street, in the resignation, not altogether voluntary, of their pastor, Rev. ohn E. Co. bman, D.D.

Further, 1 r. Cookman has aunounced his pur-pose to join the Protestant Episcopal Church, pose to join the Protestant Epicoopal Church, for which he has already made arrangements with Hishop Potter.

Dr. Cookman has been a man of prominence in the Methodist clergy, and his lather and brother are highly esteemed pasters in the same denomination. He is an eloquent preacher and zealous worker.

Dr. Cookman refuses to state any reason for his charge, but it is an open secret that the cause is his unpopularity with his flock, occasioned by his recent pronounced faith cure leanings.

stoned by his recent productings.

For many months, they say, he has been an ally of the Rev. Dr. Simpson, and, much to their sorrow, has become markedly infected with the fath cure mysticism.

Many members have left the church in consequence, and two months ago there was a deficit of \$1.000 in the church linences, and guarantees for only 25 per cent, of the coming year's expenses could be obtained.

John Montgomery Ward on Baseball Players' Rights - Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

Cut Off the Water.



Mrs. Parvenu-Charles, you know you positively promised me you would reform during the new year. Are you drinking any

less liquor?

Mr. Parvenu—Yes, my dear, I am gradually tapering off Take only half the amount of water with my whiskey that I did, and hope to drop it altogether by July. Then I shall begin to reduce the amount of liquor itself. Trust me to keep a promise, my dear.

Baseball Enthusiasts, Read John Ward's Article in the SUNDAY WORLD.

The Season's News from all the Watering Places in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Specials in Shoes.

Ladies' Dongola Kid Waukenphast Button Boots, \$1.80, worth 2.50,

Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Boots, with patent leather tips, \$1.70, worth 2.50,

Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Boots, common sense or box toe 1.65, worth 2.25. Ladies' tan color Oxford tie and

tipped 1.05, worth 1.75. Ladies' tan color Oxford tie, 95c. worth 1.5c.

Lord & Taylor, Grand Street Store.

PEERLESS DYES AT THE BRET.

BUSINESS NOTICES. CARPET CLEANING-T. M. STEWART, 326 th ave.; send for circular; telephone call 126 21st st.

AMUSEMENTS. THEISS'S NEW MUSIC HAN AND ALBAM-THE MONSTER OR CHESTRION.

14 TRATTRET THEATRE COTATION DAY.

AMUSEMENTS.

A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF THE RESIDENCE THE RESIDENCE THE RESIDENCE THE RESIDENCE OF GETTYSBURG. DON'T VAIL TO COME THE WELK

BLIOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 20th m. Evenings at 8.30. Matiness WED, and BAT. 101st to 105th PERFORMANCES of Hoye's "funnest of comedies."

THE BRIGANDS.
SURPASSING IN GRANDRUR AND SUCCESSION OF THE PARTY PAPER AND SUCCESSION OF THE PAPER AND SUCCESSION

WORTH'S PALAGE MUSEUN

BARNEY BALDWIN, THE BROKEN MECK MAN Willet & Thorne Comedy Company's Hourly Shows

TRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

TRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

TRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

TRA MATINER THURSDAY (Decoration Day).
Duncan B. THE PAYMASTER, Wed. of the Harreson.

Harreson. THE PAYMASTER, Wed. of the Harreson.

West. Week-Grand Reglish Opers "MAETHA."

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HELA.

RICHARD GOLDEN as

OLD JED PROUTY.

Matinee Saturday. Extra Matinee Decoration Day.

June 3-Virst production of the opera ARDRIELA.

ETH AVE. THEATRE. Even. at S. Mat. Sat. 52

5HERMANN ME HEARINGE CREMATION. And Host of Novelties. CREMATION. Noveliles.

DALMER'S THEATRE, BROADWAY and 30th sa.
McCAULL

OPERA COMPANY. MADISON SQUARE THEATRE ATTHER BEALS Companies to Private Sec. 27 HER BEALS Companies to Private Sec. 8, 30. Mar. Sec. 8, 30.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE | Matines | Sign COUNTY FAIR. STAR THEATER.
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NIBLO'S. 50c. ord Tird and NICK REPRESSION PER VOR PER DALYS THEATRE.

DALYS THEATRE.

Matinee Saturday at 2.

MISS ROSINA VOKES LONDON COMEDY COMPANY. A CADEMY.

DENNAN THOMPSON.

THE ATTACH BOMETE AB.

Last Matines, 54 TURDAY, Last Nicht SATURDAY, 20c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00.

BROADWAY THEATRE COR. 41ST ST. PERSONS WILSON COMIC OPERA THE SATURDAY AT 2 FRANCIS WILSON OF THE DAY. OOLAH. KMAY HOWARD BURLESQUE CO. THE LOVELY GALATEA.

THE LOVELY GALATEA.

STANDARD THEATRE,
London Galesy Co., with Nellie Farran and Fred
Estile, Fri and Sat. evenings, MONTE CRISTO.
Baturday Matines, last time Miss ESMERALDA.
This company positively sails for England June 5. MINER'S PROPLE'S THEATRE.

The Illinois Cyclone, AFTER The overp-day Irishmen.
BILLIE MYERS.
In agreel sparring contest. DARK.

H. A JACOBS THIRD AVENUE THEATER. JUNE 3-LONDON SPECIALTY COMPANY.

H. R. JACOBS THERE THE ATTHEM STEPHENS. BUCKEY, (Decoration Day.) TONY PASTOR'S NEW 14TH ST. THRATER.
TONY GUS WILLIAMS
PASTOR'S. Extra Matines DECORATION BAY THEATRE COMIQUE, BET, 34 LEX AVER in PATS NEW WARDROBE.
Next week—HIB NATURAL LIFE. Mainee Saturday. GRANDET. GRAND MUSEUM GELEBET

CHAMBER OF MYSTERIES, SWORD WALKER, FLOATING WOMAR, BLOOD-SUCKING VAMFIRES Admission 10c. Reserved Seats, So. extra. THERACE GARDEN, 58TH ST., near 3D. AVE.
To night and Sat last time, Trip to Africa. Mon.,
Beggar Student Trees, Great Baron, with Miss Krenold.
RDEN MUSER. LADY DANCERS AFT
Hungarian LADY DANCERS. ENVIRG.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS. COL SINN'S PARK THEATRE.

Nghily, with Haliness Works and Same
THE RUNAWAY WIFE. H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THRATER.
RESERVED SEATS,
10c., 30c.
DADDY NGLAN. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Knowled & Moret

THE TWO SISTERS. Well, I guess he would have reckoned,

And gone back tu hold the plough." Saying this, he crossed the floor, shut with can phasis the door, And I heard his heavy footsteps die away along the path, And I looked around, almost sure my great-

Seein' things as they are now,

That the game wan't wuth the powder

grandfather's ghost Had been conjured up to haunt me by my uncle Ezra's wrath.

Esra's death on English lords," said Aunt Sarah. " He abhors Anything that ain't true Yankes, genume ad real true blue, And His Lordship's hasty flight, leaving you in

Has just riled his grit up awful, for he thinks the world of you. Aunt's kind words I hardly heeded, for if anything was needed

To compel my cup of deep humiliation to o'er-Twas to have my foolish plan to entrap that Englishman Into calling in Seth's presence ridiculed and

riddled so. I declared my firm intention, spite of kindly in-

tervention On the part of dear Aunt Sarah, on the morrow to go home. Not a word spake Cousin Beth, though his face grew pale as death,

As I passed out through the garden in the field





With this weep'n shot tu kill

Lexington 'nd Bunker Hill;

"When yer great-grandfather Stanton

Into bullets for the rebels, And refused one spoon to spare.

"When this good old trusty musket Oft 'nd loud for freedom spoke. From stun walls 'nd trees 'nd thicket, And smid the battle's smoke, Sendin' swift 'nd true the answer Of a tyrant to surrender With a home-made rifle ball;

** When yer gret-grandfather waited With this musket in his hand. Borely wounded but unconquered, In that last heroic stand On the bloody heights of Bunker, When the third fierce charge was made And that little band of heroes Met it coolly, undismayed-

" Had this lordly English coward Met yer stern forefather there. As he stood bare-headed, bloody, Like a lion in his lair, With his musket clubbed 'nd ready, And his powder horn run dry, He'd have had an excuse better Than to-day's to turn 'nd fly.

"Though an Englishman in those days Didn't frighten worth a cent, But were brave and faced their duty Everywhere that they were sent. English lords wan't all the fashion In America just then English style and English accent Wan't the go in upperten.

** What think you would Ezra Stanton, Had he then the future read, And discovered his descendants Chasing English dudes, have said? Had he seen this land of freedom Overrun with foreign scamps-Seen our pretty Yankee maidens Fishing for the titled tramps?

" Seen Americans their birthright Bell for gain 'nd boodlers' gold, And the land he died defending Buled by rings rich, greedy, colds

lift him easier so,"

much obliged, I know; "Kucci down Seth and tell His Grace 'round your neck his arms to place. For you know from past experience you can

But Sir Mortimer Montagne groaned aloud as if

For which lucky interruption Seth was much

a becoming grace.

CHAPTER V.

measure

and I noticed that my

pleasing. Made him wonder how

teasing though, not

to answer it with

in the least dis-

"That is sometimes true," said he; "but, Lu-HEN for once I had the cille, you will agree, Circumstances alter cases to a very great depleasure, which amused me beyond gree: Now, to me this case, forsooth, is like pulling Of discovering a blush out a tooth. And my style of operation you will very shortly upon Seth's bronzed and honest face.

Then Seth reached his long arm down till his hand a good grip found On the costly velvet collar of His Lordship's walking suit.

Then from out that horrid hole he extracted. sound and whole, The disgusted, wretched Briton very angry. red and mute.

Very little would he say as we walked the homeward way. And no explanation offered for his presence in the tree: But the fact was very plain that the tree stood near the lane

An Entertaining Story, with a Rhyme and a

did not grieve.

the story o'er

flight concealed.

Uncle Ezra closely listened, while his blue eyes flashed and glistened Underneath his shaggy eyebrows, till our narrative was done; Then he walked across the floor and took down from o'er the door, Where it hung upon some brackets, an old-

frshioned flint-lock gun. Then he came across where I sat almost prepared to fly. And before me stood a moment, while no sound the slience broke; What on earth he would do next? was the

question. Was he vezed
At his Lordship or at me? For an answer this

ritish sogers on the fields of

Melted all her pewter ware